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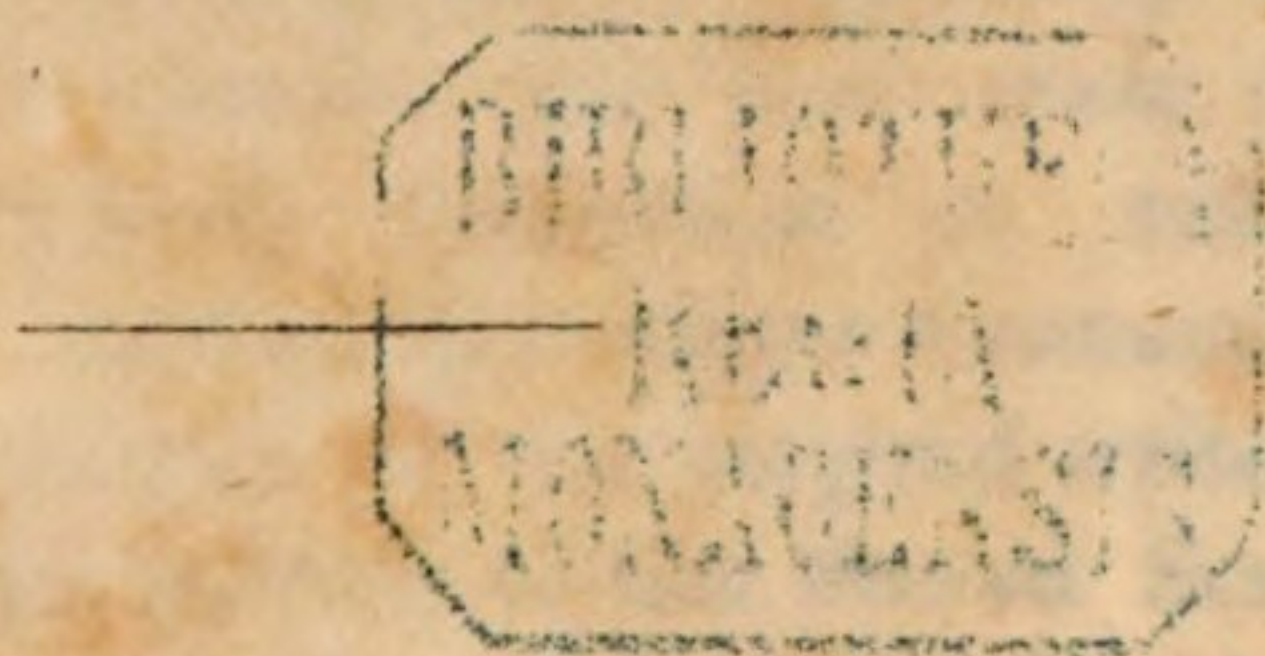
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SACRED POETRY

**ADAPTED TO THE UNDERSTANDING OF
CHILDREN AND YOUTH.**

**FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS.**



DUBLIN.

**PUBLISHED BY DIRECTION OF THE
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PREFACE.

THE practice of throwing important truths and precepts into a poetical form, for the purpose of being committed to memory, has prevailed in all nations, that have made any advancement towards civilisation or refinement. It is a practice that comes commended to us by the example of the inspired writers; for a considerable portion of the Sacred Scriptures consists of poems, embodying in them the leading events of history, and the great fundamental doctrines and precepts of religion.

Poetry of this description, committed to memory, becomes a record of facts and of precepts, which a man carries constantly about with him, ready to be used for his direction, when he may require it. The poetical form, also, into which sacred truths and precepts

PREFACE.

have thus been moulded, tends to soften his manners, to refine his taste, and to give him a relish for pleasures of a higher order and of a purer kind than those to which he might otherwise be tempted to betake himself.

With the view of providing for the peasantry of Ireland these benefits, the Commissioners of National Education have made the following selection of Sacred Poetry, adapted to the understanding of children; and they earnestly recommend to the conductors and teachers of the Irish National Schools, that their pupils may be taught to commit them to memory.

SACRED POETRY.

I.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

- 1 **HAPPY** the child, whose tender years
Receive instructions well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 3 'Tis easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin,
Are hardened in their crimes.

4 'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years
And make our virtue strong.

5 To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign,
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

II.

A GENERAL HYMN OF PRAISE.

- 1 How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky !
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty ?
- 2 How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace ;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.
- 3 Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his sacred will ;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

4 Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
The eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

5 My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

III.

FROM PSALM XCV.*

1 O COME let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise with one spirit, one voice.

2 For Jehovah is king, and he reigns
The God of all gods, on his throne:
The strength of the hills he maintains;
The ends of the earth are his own.

3 The sea is Jehovah's; he made
The tide its dominion to know;
The land is Jehovah's; he laid
Its solid foundations below.

* Ps. xciv. Douay version.

- 4 O come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God;
The people who serve him with zeal,
The flock whom he guides with his rod.
- 5 To-day let us hearken, to-day,
To the voice that yet speaks from above,
And all his commandments obey,
For all his commandments are love.

IV.

FROM PSALM XC.*

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Ere earth was formed, or hills were seen,
Or heaven was stretched abroad;
From everlasting thou hast been,
And art for ever God.
- 3 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy children dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone
Our safety to ensure.

* Ps. lxxxix. Douay version.

4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

5 There shall we shine before thy face,
In all thy beauty, Lord,
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

V.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND
TEMPORAL.

1 WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2 Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath given me more:
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3 How many children in the street
Half naked I behold;
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold.

- 4 While some poor people scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And strive to serve thee best.

VI.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

- 1 I SING the Almighty Power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the Wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
That formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.
- 5 There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known:
And clouds arise, and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.
- 6 Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.
- 7 In heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath:
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.
- 8 His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye:
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

VII.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God ! thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night ;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.
- 2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day !
- 3 And must the sins that I have done
Be read and published there ?
Be all exposed before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?
- 4 Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie,
Upward I dare not look ;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.
- 5 Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

- 6 O may I now for ever fear
To indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault.

VIII.

“OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN.”

- 1 GREAT God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.
- 2 Art thou my Father?—Canst thou hear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?
- 3 Art thou my Father?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.
- 4 Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do, and be,
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

- 5 Art thou my Father ?—Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

IX.

RESIGNATION TO GOD.

- 1 O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears.
- 3 No ; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee ;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant ;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way ;
Shall I resist them both ?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth.

X.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

- 1 THOUGH troubles assail,
And dangers affright ;
Though friends should all fail,
And foes all unite :
Yet one thing secures us,
Whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us,
The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds without barn
Or storehouse are fed ;
From them let us learn
To trust for our bread :
And we what is fitting
Shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,
The Lord will provide.

XI.

EVENING HYMN.

Air—Ar hydd y nos.

- 1 LORD, that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light,
 Who the day for toil has given,
 For rest the night—
 May thine angel-guards defend us ;
 Slumbers sweet thy mercy send us ;
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;
 And, when we die,
 May we, in thy mighty keeping,
 All peaceful lie.
 When the last dread trump shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our Lord, forsake us,
 But to reign in glory take us,
 With thee on high.

XII.

FROM JOHN III.

- 1 As when the Hebrew prophet raised
 The brazen serpent high,

The wounded looked and straight were cured,
The people ceased to die :

2 So from the Saviour on the Cross

A healing virtue flows ;
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is saved from endless woes.

3 For God gave up his Son to death,

So fervent was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.

4 Not to condemn the sons of men

The Son of God appeared ;
No weapons in his hand are seen
Nor voice of terror heard :

5 He came to raise our fallen state,

And our lost hopes restore :
He leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

6 But vengeance just for ever lies

On all the rebel race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn his offered grace,

XIII.

FROM ISAIAH LIII.

- 1 FAIR as a beauteous tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
The heavenly Saviour rose.
- 2 Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of woe !
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.
- 3 His sacred blood hath washed our souls
From sin's polluted stain ;
His stripes have healed us, and his death
Revived our souls again.
- 4 We all like sheep had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road :
On him were our transgressions laid ;
He bore the mighty load.
- 5 Wronged and oppressed, how meekly he,
In patient silence, stood !
Mute, as the peaceful harmless Lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.

6 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay ;
The rich a grave supplied ;
Unspotted was his blameless life ;
Unstained by sin he died.

7 He died to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiven :
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heaven.

XIV.

HYMN OF MARY, THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF
OUR BLESSED LORD.—LUKE i. 46—55.

- 1 My soul and spirit, filled with joy,
My God my Saviour praise,
Whose goodness did from poor estate
His humble handmaid raise.
- 2 Me blessed of God, the God of might,
All ages shall proclaim ;
From age to age his mercy lasts,
And holy is his name.
- 3 Strength with his arm the Almighty shewed,
The proud his looks abased :
He cast the mighty to the ground,
The meek to honour raised.

- 4 The hungry with good things were filled,
The rich with hunger pined :
He sent his servant Israel help,
And called his love to mind ;
- 5 Which to our father's ancient race
His promise did ensure :
To Abraham and his chosen seed,
For ever to endure.

XV.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

- 1 YE bright angelic host, who stand
Around the eternal throne,
Go forth, and in the Holy Land,
Make your glad tidings known.
- 2 Ye shepherds favored from above,
Admire the heavenly host ;
The news of your Redeemer's love
Receive, in wonder lost.
- 3 For "unto us a Child is born ;
To us a Son is given ;"
Let none his lowly station scorn ;
'Tis Christ, the King of Heaven.

- 4 Angels, triumphant at his birth,
Shout forth your hymns again;
“Glory to God on high, on earth
Peace and good will to men.”

XVI.

FROM MAT. XI.

- 1 THUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
And raised his eyes to heaven;
To thee, O Father, Lord of all,
Eternal praise be given.
- 2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
Hast heavenly truth revealed,
Which from the self-conceited mind
Thy wisdom hath concealed.
- 3 Come, then, to me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 4 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind,
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

- 5 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart, which groaned before,
Beneath a load of woes.

XVII.

FROM PSALM LI.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my sins before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Make thou my heart all pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Though I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
Thy guilty child draws near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 4 A contrite heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring :
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A contrite heart for sacrifice.

* Psalm 1, Douay version.

- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

XVIII.

DENYING UNGODLINESS AND WORLDLY
LUSTS.—TIT. ii. 12.

- 1 POOR mortal man! thy lusts controul,
Seek the salvation of thy soul;
What comfort in thy earthly state,
If heaven be not thy future fate.
- 2 The God who made thee for himself,
Despiseth worldly pomp and pelf;
Thy chief concern on earth shall be
The pain or bliss prepared for thee.
- 3 Be this thy study, this thy joy,
Be this on earth thy sweet employ,
To know and love, to praise and sing
Both heaven and earth's Almighty King.

XIX.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

- 1 JESUS, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.
- 2 At twelve years old he talked with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand,)
Yet he obeyed his mother then,
And came at her command.
- 3 Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blessed their Saviour's name:
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.
- 4 Samuel, the child, was weaned, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy Word.
- 5 Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

XX.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD.

- 1 O THAT it were my chief delight
To do the things I ought !
Then let me try, with all my might,
To mind what I am taught.
- 2 Wherever I am told to go,
I'll cheerfully obey ;
Nor will I mind it much, although
I leave a pretty play.
- 3 When I am bid, I'll freely bring
Whatever I have got ;
And never touch a pretty thing
If mother tells me not.
- 4 When she permits me, I may tell
About my little toys ;
But if she's busy or unwell,
I must not make a noise.
- 5 And when I learn my hymns to say,
And work, and read, and spell,
I will not think about my play,
But try and do it well.

- 6 For God looks down from heaven on high,
Our actions to behold ;
And he is pleased when children try
To do as they are told.

XXI.

MEEKNESS OF THE SAVIOUR.

- 1 WHEN in the form of mortal man,
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compassed him around.
- 2 Their malice raged without a cause ;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He for his persecutors prayed,
And blessed his foes in death.
- 3 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
In vain before mine eyes ?
Give me a soul that's great, like thine,
To love mine enemies.

XXII.

THE EXAMPLE OF CHRIST.

- 1 JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me ;

O that in my whole behaviour
He my pattern still might be.

2 All my nature is unholy ;
Pride and passion dwell within :
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

3 While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess,
He was always self-denying,
Patient in his worst distress.

4 Let me never be forgetful
Of his precepts any more ;
Idle, passionate, and fretful,
As I've often been before.

5 Lord, though now thou art in glory,
We have thine example still :
I can read thy sacred story,
And obey thy holy will.

6 Help me by that rule to measure
Every word and every thought,
Thinking it my greatest pleasure,
There to learn what thou hast taught.

XXIII.

ON PRAYER.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat !
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?
- 2 Have you no words ?—ah ! think again ;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 3 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
“ Hear what the Lord hath done for me.”

XXIV.

FROM PSALM CXIX.*

- 1 DIRECTED by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

* Ps. cxviii. Douay version.

- 2 O grant the influence of thy grace,
To speed me in my way,
Lest I should linger in my race,
Or turn my feet astray !

XXV.

FROM PSALM CXIX.*

- 1 I HATE the way of lies ;
From error I'll depart ;
The law of truth delights my eyes,
And shall direct my heart.
- 2 On thy salvation, Lord,
My hopes secure depend ;
I love the precepts of thy word,
And keep them to the end.
- 3 With ever ready mind,
I run thy sacred way ;
And still my sweetest joy I find
Thy precepts to obey.

XXVI.

CONSCIENCE.

- 1 WHEN a foolish thought within
Tries to take us in a snare,

* Ps. cxviii. Douay version.

Conscience tells us "It is sin,"
And entreats us to beware.

2 If in something we transgress,
And are tempted to deny,
Conscience says, "Your fault confess :
Do not dare to tell a lie."

3 In the morning when we rise,
And would fain omit to pray,
"Child consider," conscience cries :
"Should not God be sought to-day?"

4 When, within his holy walls,
Far abroad our thoughts we send,
Conscience often loudly calls,
And entreats us to attend.

5 When our angry passions rise,
Tempting to revenge an ill,
"Now subdue it," conscience cries ;
"Do command your temper still."

6 Thus, without our will or choice,
This good monitor within,
With a secret gentle voice,
Warns us to beware of sin.

7 But if we should disregard,
While this friendly voice would call,
Conscience soon will grow so hard,
That it will not speak at all.

XXVII.

AGAINST YIELDING TO TEMPTATION.

- 1 My love, you have met with a trial to-day,
Which I hoped to have seen you oppose;
But, alas! in a moment, your temper gave way,
And the pride of your bosom arose.
- 2 I saw the temptation, and trembled for fear,
Your good resolutions should fall;
And soon, by your eye and your color, my dear,
I found you had broken them all.
- 3 O, why did you suffer this troublesome sin
To rise in your bosom again?
And when you perceived it already within,
O why did you let it remain?
- 4 As soon as temptation is put in your way,
And passion is ready to start,
'Tis then you must try to subdue it, and pray
For courage to bid it depart.

- 5 But now you must go to the Saviour, and seek
His mercy to pardon your sin :
Entreat him to make you submissive and meek
And put a right spirit within.

XXVIII.

AGAINST THE SCOFFING OF THE WORLD.

- 1 WHEN I read, or hear, or pray,
What though others should condemn;
I am better taught than they,
And would only pity them.

- 2 If they mock, and laugh, and jeer,
Well!—I know 'twas always thus ;
If they mocked the Saviour here,
Surely they will laugh at us.

- 3 Well, I will not mind their jeers,
I would teach them if I could,
But if not—nor hopes, nor fears,
Shall keep back my heart from good !

XXIX.

FOR A CHILD WHO HAS BEEN VERY
NAUGHTY.

- 1 LORD, I confess before thy face,
How naughty I have been :

Look down from Heaven thy dwelling-place,
And pardon this my sin.

2 Forgive my temper, Lord, I pray,
My passion and my pride;
The wicked words I dared to say,
And wicked thoughts beside.

3 I cannot lay me down to rest,
In quiet on my bed,
Until with shame I have confest
The naughty things I said.

4 The Saviour answered not again,
Nor spoke an angry word,
To all the scoffs of wicked men,
Although HE was their Lord!

5 And who am I, a sinful child,
Such angry words to say!
Make me as mild as he was mild,
And take my pride away.

6 For Jesus' sake forgive my crime,
And change this stubborn heart;
And grant me grace, another time
To act a better part.

XXX.

“TURN OFF MINE EYES FROM BEHOLDING
VANITY.”

- 1 LORD hear a sinful child complain,
Whose little heart is very vain,
And folly dwells within :
What is it—for thine eye can see—
That is so very dear to me,
That steals my thoughts away from thee,
And leads me into sin ?
- 2 Whatever gives me most delight,
If 'tis offensive in thy sight,
I would no more pursue :—
Since nothing can be good for me,
However pleasant it may be,
That is displeasing, Lord, to thee,
May I dislike it too !
- 3 When I attempt to read or pray,
I'm often thinking of my play,
Or some such idle thing,
How happy are the saints in bliss,
Who love no sinful world like this,
But all their joy and glory is,
To praise their heavenly King !

- 4 These trifling pleasures here below—
I wonder why I love them so ;
They cannot make me blest.
O that to love my God might be
The greatest happiness to me !
And may he give me grace to see
That this is not my rest !

XXXI.

FOR A CHILD THAT IS SORRY FOR A FAULT.

- 1 LORD, I have dared to disobey
My friends on earth, and Thee in heaven,
O help me now to come and pray,
For Jesus' sake to be forgiven.
- 2 I cannot say I did not know
For I've been taught thy holy will ;
And while my conscience told me so,
And bade me stop, I did it still.
- 3 But thou wast there to see my crime,
And write it in thy judgment-book,
O make me fear, another time,
A sinful thought, or word, or look.

- 4 Forgive me, Lord, forgive, I pray,
This naughty thing that I have done,
And take my sinful heart away,
And make me holy, like thy Son.

XXXII.

A MORNING HYMN.

- 1 My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

XXXIII.

ANOTHER.

- 1 My Father, I thank thee for sleep,
For quiet and peaceable rest,
I thank thee for stooping to keep
An infant from being distress'd ;
O how can a poor little creature repay
Thy fatherly kindness by night and by day ?
- 2 My voice would be lisping thy praise,
My heart would repay thee with love,
O teach me to walk in thy ways,
And fit me to see thee above :
For Jesus said, "Let little children come nigh,"
And he will not despise such an infant as I.
- 3 As long as thou seest it right
That here upon earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day—
That, when all the days of my life shall have
pass'd,
I may worship thee better, in heaven, at last.

XXXIV.

AN EVENING HYMN.

- 1 AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise ;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.
- 2 But how my childhood runs to waste !
My sins how great their sum !
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Let angels guard my head,
And thro' the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.
- 4 With cheerful heart I'll close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove ;
And, in the morning, let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

XXXV.

LORD'S DAY MORNING.

How sweet is this morning, the Lord's day of rest,
The day of the week I love dearest and best :

This morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And broke all the fetters of death, and its doom.

In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

Instruct me, great God! though a child I may be,
I am not too young to be pitied by thee:
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways;
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee
the praise.

XXXVI.

THE LORD'S DAY EVENING.

1 WE'VE passed another sacred day,
And heard of Jesus and of heaven:
We thank thee for thy word, and pray
That this day's sin may be forgiven.

2 Forgive our inattention, Lord,
Our looks and thoughts that went astray;
Forgive our carelessness abroad,
At home our idleness and play.

- 3 May all we heard and understood
Be well remembered thro' the week,
And help to make us wise and good,
More humble, diligent, and meek.

XXXVII.

FILIAL LOVE.

- 1 COULD I so ungrateful be,
As to cause a mother pain?
She was always good to me,
Can I yield her ill again?
- 2 In each hour of harm or good,
'Twas her hand that, all the day,
Clothed me, kept me, gave me food,
Taught me to my God to pray.
- 3 Oft as I have sickly lain,
By my bed her watch she kept;
And when she has seen my pain,
Sweetly looked on me and wept.
- 4 Heavenly Father—who didst give
Such a gift as this to me;
Grant me, ever as I live,
Love to her, and fear to thee.

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XXXVIII.

LOVE AND DUTY TO PARENTS.

- 1 My father, my mother, I know
I cannot your kindness repay ;
But I hope, that, as older I grow,
I shall learn your commands to obey.
- 2 You loved me before I could tell
Who it was that so tenderly smiled ;
But now that I know it so well,
I should be a dutiful child.
- 3 I am sorry that ever I should
Be naughty, and give you a pain ;
I hope I shall learn to be good,
And so never grieve you again.
- 4 But lest, after all, I should dare
To act an undutiful part,
Whenever I am saying a prayer,
I'll ask for a teachable heart.

XXXIX.

A CHILD'S LAMENTATION FOR THE DEATH
OF A DEAR MOTHER.

- 1 A poor afflicted child I kneel
Before my heavenly Father's seat,

To tell him all the grief I feel,
And spread my sorrows at his feet.

2 Yet I must weep ; I cannot stay
These tears, that trickle while I bend,
Since thou art pleased to take away
So dear, so very dear a friend.

3 And now I recollect with pain
The many times I grieved her sore.
Oh ! if she would but come again,
I think I'd vex her so no more.

4 How I would watch her gentle eye !
'Twould be my play to do her will !
And she should never have to sigh
Again, for my behaving ill !

5 But since she's gone so far away,
And cannot profit by my pains,
Let me this child-like duty pay
To the dear parent that remains.

6 Let me console his broken heart,
And be his comfort by my care :
That when, at last we come to part,
I may not have such grief to bear.

XL.

AN EVENING HYMN FOR A LITTLE FAMILY.

- 1 Now condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng;
And kindly listen while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this, our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.
- 3 Before thy sacred footstool, see
We bend in humble prayer,
A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care.
- 4 May we in safety sleep to-night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.
- 5 And when the rising sun displays
His cheerful beams abroad,
Then shall our morning hymn of praise
Declare thy goodness, Lord.

- 6 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move,
Then smile upon this little band,
And join our hearts in love.

XLI.

AGAINST WANDERING THOUGHTS.

- 1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I *feel* it too.
- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while,
About some other thing.
- 3 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad;
Though this should be my greatest joy—
To love and seek the Lord.
- 4 Oh! let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.

XLII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

- 1 WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home,
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.
- 2 Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.
- 3 Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs, and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.
- 4 The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another,
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
'Till he had kill'd his brother.
- 5 The wise will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But, in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light.

- 6 Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

XLIII.

AGAINST ANGER AND IMPATIENCE.

- 1 WHEN for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.
- 2 He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say,
Disturbed his heav'nly mind.
- 3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.
- 4 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view;
"Father, forgive them," Jesus said,
"They know not what they do."

- 5 Dear Saviour, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;—
But speak that pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

XLIV.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

- 1 LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.
- 2 But children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.
- 3 Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.
- 4 His soul was gentle as a lamb,
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favor both with man,
And God his Father too.

- 5 Now, Lord of All, he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love
And marks them for his own.

XLV.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

- 1 OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.
- 2 Cross words and angry names require
To be chastised at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother fool.
- 3 But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord may cut them off.
- 4 When children, in their wanton play,
Served old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way—
“Go up, thou bald-head, go;”

5 God quickly stopped their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.

6 Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me, how
To tame and rule my tongue.

XLVI.

AGAINST LYING.

- 1 O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in Wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.
- 2 But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true:
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.
- 3 Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

- 4 So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before, her husband told.
- 5 The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth, but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.
- 6 Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell;
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

XLVII.

AGAINST ENVY.

- 1 WHY should I envy others' good?
Have I not needful clothes and food?
If so, it would be wrong in me,
With these dissatisfied to be.
- 2 How many starve while I am fed!
Are houseless—I have home and bed,
And when the storm and cold winds blow,
I feel not as they do, its woe.

- 3 Homely and coarse, perhaps my fare,
But God will make me still his care;
And would it better for me be,
He would send riches too, to me?

XLVIII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

- 1 WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, excite our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.
- 2 When first she put the covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
- 3 How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silkworms wore
That very clothing long before.
- 4 The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be drest fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

- 5 Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind ;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.
- 6 No more shall worms with me compare ;
This is the raiment angels wear :
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.
- 7 It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;
It takes no spot, but still refines ;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.
- 8 In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heaven and wear it there :
God will approve it in his sight ;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

XLIX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

- 1 How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower !

- 2 How skilfully she builds her cell !
How neat she spreads the wax !
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- 3 In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too ;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
- 4 In books, or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past ;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

L.

FOR A VERY LITTLE CHILD IN SICKNESS.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, I'm very ill,
But cure me, if it be thy will :
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.
- 2 Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say :
And grant that all I have to take
May do me good—for Jesus' sake.

LI.

A HYMN OF PRAISE FOR RECOVERY.

- 1 LORD, thou hast heard my humble voice,
For all my pains depart :
O grant that I may now rejoice
With thankfulness of heart.
- 2 Many have died as young as I,
Though nursed with equal care ;
But God, in pity, heard my cry,
And has been pleased to spare.
- 3 Let me improve the years or days,
Thy mercy lends me here ;
And shew my gratitude and praise,
By living in thy fear.
- 4 The kindness that my friends have shewn,
O teach me to repay,
By double kindness of my own,
In every future day.
- 5 And, lest I need thy rod again,
I pray thee to impart,
As long as health or life remain,
A thankful humble heart.

LII.

“IN THE MORNING, IT FLOURISHETH AND
GROWETH UP—IN THE EVENING, IT IS
CUT DOWN AND WITHERETH.”

- 1 THE lilies of the field,
That quickly fade away,
May well to us a lesson yield,
Who die as soon as they.
- 2 That pretty blossom see,
Decaying on the walk;
A storm came sweeping o'er the tree,
And broke its feeble stalk.
- 3 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 4 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them soon away.

- 5 To God, who loves them all,
Let children humbly cry ;
And then, whenever death may call,
They'll be prepared to die.

LIII.

EVENING HYMN.

- 1 To thee, before the close of day,
Creator of the world we pray ;
With wonted mercy, us direct,
And from nocturnal harms protect.
- 2 In this, most gracious Father, hear,
Through Christ thy holy Son, our prayer,
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

LIV.

A MINUTE.

- 1 A MINUTE, how soon it has flown !
And yet how important it is !
God calls every moment his own,
For all our existence is his :

And though we may waste them in folly and play,
He notices each that we squander away.

2 Why should we a minute despise,
Because it so quickly is o'er?
We know that it rapidly flies,
And therefore should prize it the more.
Another, indeed, may appear in its stead,
But that precious moment for ever is fled.

3 'Tis easy to squander our years
In idleness, folly, and strife;
But, oh! no repentance or tears
Can bring back one moment of life!
But time, if well spent, and improved as it goes,
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

4 And when all the minutes are past,
Which God for our portion has given,
We shall certainly welcome the last,
If it safely conduct us to heaven.
The value of time, then, may all of us see,
Not knowing how near our last minute may be

LV.

FROM 1 THESS. IV.

- 1 THE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.
- 2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake :
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundation shake.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heavenly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

- 5 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

LVI.

THE BEATITUDES—FROM MATT. V.

- 1 BLESS'D are the humble souls, that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Bless'd are the men who mourn for sin ;
They shall enjoy sweet peace within ;
The Holy Spirit shall impart
The balm of comfort to their heart.
- 3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
Whose heart subdued, does not rebel ;
They in the land of life shall dwell.

- 4 Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men whose hearts still move
With mercy, gentleness, and love;
From Christ the Lord, they shall obtain
Mercy and peace, and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure, they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the fire of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

LVII.

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

MATT. xvii. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above ;
And, as thyself, thy neighbour love.

OR THUS.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind :
And love your neighbour as yourself ;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

LVIII.

THE WAY TO FIND OUT PRIDE.

PRIDE, ugly pride, sometimes is seen
By haughty looks and lofty mien :
But oft'ner it is found that pride
Loves deep within the heart to hide ;
And while the looks are mild and fair,
It sits, and does its mischief there.

Now, if you really wish to find
If pride be lurking in your mind,

Inquire if you can bear a slight,—
Or patiently give up your right.
Can you submissively consent
To take reproof and punishment,
And feel no angry temper start
In any corner of your heart?
Can you at once confess a crime,
And promise for another time?
Or say you've been in a mistake;
Nor try some poor excuse to make,
But freely own that it was wrong
To argue for your side so long?—
Flat contradiction can you bear,
When you are right and know you are?
Nor flatly contradict again,
But wait, or modestly explain,
And tell your reasons one by one;
Nor think of triumph, when you've done?
Can you, in business or in play,
Give up your wishes or your way?
Or do a thing, against your will,
For somebody that's younger still?
And never try to overbear,
Nor say a word that is not fair?—
Does laughing at you in a joke,
No anger or revenge provoke;

But can you laugh yourself, and be
As merry as the company?
Or when you find that you could do
The harm to them they did to you,
Can you keep down the wicked thought,
And do exactly as you ought?

Put all these questions to your heart,
And make it act an honest part;
And, when they've each been fairly tried,
I think you'll own that you have pride:
Some one will suit you, as you go,
And force your heart to tell you so;
But, if they all should be denied,
Then you're too proud to own your pride.

LIX.

THE WAY TO CURE PRIDE.

Now I suppose, that having tried,
And found the secret of your pride,
You wish to drive it from your heart,
And learn to act an humbler part.

Well, are you sorry and sincere?
I'll try to help you then, my dear.

And first, the best, the surest way,
Is to kneel down at once, and pray :
The lowly Saviour will attend,
And strengthen you, and stand your friend.
Tell him the mischief that you find
For ever working in your mind ;
And beg his pardon for the past,
And strength to overcome at last.—
But then you must not go your way,
And think it quite enough to pray :
That is but doing half your task ;
For you must *watch* as well as *ask*.
You pray for strength, and that is right,
But, then, it must be strength to fight.
For where's the use of being strong,
Unless you conquer what is wrong ?
Then look within :—ask every thought,
If it be humble as it ought :
Put out the smallest spark of pride
The very moment 'tis descried :
And do not stay to think it o'er ;
For while you wait it blazes more.
If it should take you by surprise,
And beg you just to let it rise,
And promise not to keep you long,
Say “ No ! the smallest pride is wrong.”

And when there's something so amiss.
That pride says, "Take offence at *this*,"
Then if you feel at all inclined
To brood upon it in your mind,
And think revengeful thoughts within,
And wish it were not wrong to sin,
O stop at once!—for if you dare
To wish for sin—that sin is there!
'Twill then be best to go and pray
That God would take your pride away;
Or, if just then you cannot go,
Pray in your thoughts, and God will know
And beg his mercy to impart
That best of gifts—an humble heart.
Remember too that you must pray,
And watch and labour *every* day;
Nor think it wearisome or hard
To be for ever on your guard.
No; every morning must begin
With resolutions not to sin;
And every evening recollect
How much you've failed in this respect.
Ask, whether such a guilty heart
Should act a proud, or humble part;
Or, as the Saviour was so mild,
Inquire if pride becomes a child;

And when all other means are tried,
Be humble, that you've so much pride.

LX.

ENCOURAGEMENT IN STRIVING AGAINST
PRIDE.

“ But if the Christian still remains
Imperfect after all his pains,
Why labour still to conquer pride ?
Since victory is still denied ;
Since what he seeks can ne'er take place,
Why should he strive to ‘ grow in grace ’ ? ”
Not so, my child ! be sure you may
Obtain the good for which you pray.
But still you must not feel secure
Of having made a perfect cure.
The Christian, till his course is ended,
Must never *say* “ I've apprehended.”
Altho' you strive to do God's will,
You must be self-distrustful still :
In knowledge you must seek to grow ;
Yet never boldly say, “ I know : ”
Nor ever think you've conquered pride,
And lay your watchful care aside.

If you are good, this can be known
To the all-seeing God alone :
You still must watch with constant fear
From all transgression to keep clear.
Still trusting while you strive to mend
That God your efforts will befriend.
And may you find, in HIS great day,
That all your sins are wiped away !

THE END.

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